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T A B L E S,

B Y

Mrs. TEACHWELL:

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IN WHICH THE

M O R A L S

A R E

DRAWN INCIDENTALLY

I N

V A R I O U S W A Y S.

" For ev'ry Object of Creation
" Can furnish Hints for Contemplation;
" And from the most minute and mean
" A virtuous Mind can Morals glean."

GAY.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by JOHN MARSHALL and Co. at No. 4,
ALDERMARY CHURCH-YARD, in BOW-LANE.

A B L E S

MR. TENCH W. L. L.

O R A S

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To my young READER.

A FABLE --- “ a feigned story intended to enforce some moral précept.”

This is the definition of Dr. Johnson.

Those young folk who are able to read *these* Fables, scarcely need to be told the distinction between a *Fable* and a *Tale*.

I have observed that little people generally love Fables, and therefore I offer these to you. They were written (as well as those in words of one syllable, and the Morals) for my own family; but I shall be very happy to assist your mamma in amusing and instructing you.

Your duties lie in a narrow compass.

A ready and cheerful obedience; as inviolate in the absence

presence of your parents as when
 they are present; a strict ad-
 herence to truth; a contented
 submission to the will of your
 superiors; and a readiness to
 comply with the innocent wishes
 of your equals—or, in other
 words, to do to them as you
 would wish they should do to
 you—these comprise the chief
 duties of a *child*---these will re-
 main your duties through life:
 practice them *now* and they will
 be easy to you, when you grow

up : practice them when you
are a *Man*, and you will be
happy.

F A B L E S, &c.

F A B L E I.

The BOYS and the FROG.*My dear little Reader,*

I HOPE you have been taught
to rejoice at the happiness of
others;

others; to delight in promoting the comfort of every thing.

I hope that you would not injure any creature; but endeavour to persuade naughty children to refrain from teasing poor harmless animals.

How can they be so cruel? — so wicked? They will certainly receive punishment *hereafter*; but you who are tender hearted; you who take pleasure in witnessing the joy of others; you, I say, know that they lose a great deal of *present* satisfaction; which they might enjoy in participating, where they can not administer to the comfort of those about them. — But I seem to forget that

that my Frog is to give you a lecture upon the subject, I will introduce him to you directly.

F A B L E.

SOME School-boys were amusing themselves, in pelting a parcel of Frogs, which were sporting innocently in a shallow pool.

At length one of the Frogs came out of the water, and thus addressed the boys:

“ Children! I am willing to impute your actions to heedlessness, rather than to a mischievous disposition; but, remember that other creatures have a sense of feeling as well

as yourselves. — You should do to others, as you would have others do to you. — Consider therefore — would you like to be pelted with stones? Do you wish to be bruised; to be wounded? — Forbear then to bruise and wound us poor animals. We may be ugly; but we are inoffensive.

Farewell!"

Now if you had ever been so inconsiderate as to join in such a play; and had one of the Frogs preached this sermon to you; do you think you should ever have forgotten it? — It is the voice of reason, of humanity, of religion; — let it make as deep an impression as if it had really been spoken by a FROG.

FABLE II.

The BOY and WOLF.



NOW this is a Fable---but it is
a Fable that might be true.
For Wolves really eat sheep; and
men

men really will not believe those who have deceived them.

F A B L E.

A Boy who tended a flock of sheep, used to divert himself with shrieking aloud, "The Wolf is here, and worrying my sheep!"

His neighbours were so kind as to come several times to assist him; and every time they found that he had imposed upon them, by a false alarm; for the sake of laughing at the hurry and bustle which their kind desire to help him had thrown them into. This was ungrateful and saucy, as well as deceitful; but you shall hear how

how he was punished. His fault occasioned his punishment.

One day the Wolf actually did come. It was then in vain for him to roar out "The Wolf! the Wolf! it will devour my sheep!" — No creature would go to his assistance; because they did not believe that he was really in distress; but his neighbour shepherds called aloud, "No! we are tired of such tricks; we will come no more!"

FABLE III.

The DOG and SHADOW.



A DOG went into a market, and stole a piece of meat from one of the butchers. He was carrying it home

his kennel, and in his way he had to pass over a water, which formed a perfect mirror; so that he mistook his own image for another Dog with a fine piece of flesh in his jaws. In eager to seize such a prize, he snapped his mouth; down fell the real meat, and a hungry pike swam off with it; leaving him at leisure to moralize upon his greediness and folly — at leisure to confess his crimes, which he did in these words: “I was unjust to acquire a piece of meat — greedy — after more, I attempted to deprive another of what he enjoyed; and now I return home empty: I was wicked for stealing — foolish not to be content with what I had in my possession.”

Experience gives wisdom. — Those who profit by the experience of others; they are wise in time.

But those who will not listen to advice, commonly gain their knowledge too late to be of much service to themselves.

My little friends, I speak to you — do you understand me?

Be advised by your parents — and so make *their* wisdom *your* own.

If you profit by the experience of others, you may be *wise in time.*

FABLE IV.

The GOOD KID.



A TENDER mother is ever attentive to the safety of her child.

B 2

A wife

A wise mother teaches her child obedience.

A good child obeys his parents and is happy.—O, how happy, when he receives a smile of approbation!

F A B L E.

A GOAT, who had accustomed her Kid to pay a ready and cheerful obedience to all her commands, had occasion to go out. She said to her Kid,

“ My dear, I must leave you here alone a little while; but you will be very safe, if you observe my orders; and that I am pretty certain you will do.”

"Yes, indeed, mamma. Pray what are they?"

"Whenever you hear a knock, first look out at the window, before you open the door."

Then the Goat kissed her Kid, and away she went.

The poor little Kid loved his mother dearly, and wished she might soon return; but he said nothing, because he knew that he ought not to be sorry at her going out when it was proper.

When the door was shut, the little Kid gave a sigh, and then said

to himself, "I must not repine at my mother's absence, but take care to behave so, that she may be pleased with me; therefore I will obey her strictly, though she did not tell me the reason of her orders. — What had I to do with the reason?"

The Kid was talking thus to himself, when he heard a knock; and a voice, just like the Goat's, calling "Open the door quickly! the Wolf is at the door!"

In his surprise he was running to the door; but recollecting the injunction of the Goat, "O!" said he, "I was near forgetting my mother's command."

her's order; I must first go to the window."

He did so — and what do you think he saw? — A great Wolf, who thought to deceive the poor Kid, by feigning the voice of his mother; and who, if he had gained admittance, would have eat him up.

The Kid was prudent to obey his mother so strictly; else what would have become of him?

With what pleasure he must relate this story to the Goat at her return!

Think how his mother would caress him, and how he would rejoice!

Do you not enjoy the thought of his happiness?

Imitate the good little Kid; and you will be as happy as he was.

The Kid was prudent to obey his mother so strictly; else what would have become of him?

With what pleasure he must relate this story to the Goat at her return!

Think how his mother would caress him, and how he would rejoice!

FABLE V.

The LARK'S NEST.



A LARK had her nest in a field
of corn.

As the time of harvest approached she was fearful for her young, lest they should be hurt by the reapers. This careful mother never left her nestlings without giving them a charge to observe all that passed during her absence; and to relate to her, at her return, what they had heard or seen.

There were three young birds — one was *Wise* — one *Pert* — one *Timid* — Like other young things, they loved to prattle; and I guess you will like to hear the nursery chat.

P E R T.

What can be the reason that we should tell our mother every thing which happens?

W I S E

WISE.

We should obey our mother without asking for a reason; but I suppose it is that she may be able to judge how long we should stay here.

PERT.

I can judge for myself: I shall do as I please.

WISE.

I shall obey my mother; and then, I am confident I shall be safe.

TIMID.

What is likely to hurt us?

WISE.

WISE.

I believe our mother is fearful that the reapers may cut off our heads with their sickles.

TIMID.

Let us hasten away: I dare not stay.

WISE.

Our mother will tell us when it is proper for us to remove. —

Just then came the old bird, and, in a whisper, bade them all creep softly to the hedge after her.

TIMID.

I dare not come out of the nest;
lest the men should catch me.

PERT.

I shall fly: surely you forget that
we have wings.

WISE.

I shall creep softly away, since my
orders are to do so.

The fearful bird staid in the nest,
and was killed by the reapers.

The pert one flew up, and was
shot.

The wise one followed his mother, and got safely into the field.

Thus you see the two naughty birds were destroyed.

The fearful one, who would not confide in her mother; and the conceited one, who would not obey the orders of her parent; each came to an untimely end.

Whilst the good young Lark enjoyed a happy life with her mother

FABLE VI.

The CRABS.



AN old Crab took her two sons
out with her for a walk.

“ My

“ My dears,” said she, “ I will
to give you the pleasure of a little
ramble in the country with me: be-
observe, I desire you to keep pretty
near me, lest any harm should hap-
pen to you.”

“ I certainly will obey you, my
dear mother,” said one.

“ Well,” said the other, “ I
shall not confine myself to creep
along in my mother’s shadow: I
choose to straggle about a little.
Why should we be under such re-
straint? Surely we are able to take
care of ourselves!”

This conversation was overheard
 by a Fox, who whispered thus to
 her cub, "Pursue *that* young Crab;
 and depend upon success. The child
 who is so conceited as to fancy he
 is as wise as his parent, will fall an
 easy prey: but it will not answer to
 attempt catching the other; for, by
 observing the orders of his mother,
 he makes her wisdom his own—By
 this mean he will outwit even a
 creature like a Fox."

FABLE VII.

The APE and her CUBS.

AN Ape had two Cubs, with whom she was sporting when she saw a dog approach. Anxious for the safety of her children, she

debated

debated how she could secure them both. "You are not," said she, "swift enough to escape by running; nor can I carry two, without interruption to the speed, on which I depend for your safety."

Thus she thought aloud:—after deliberating a moment, she said to one of her Cubs: "Get upon my back, and I will carry you to a place of safety:" to the other: "Do *you* conceal yourself behind this bush, till I return to fetch you."

The first leaped instantly upon her back; the other exclaimed:

"I dare not stay behind!"

His mother assured him, that he might safely remain there, whilst she carried his brother; but he would not believe her assurance, nor obey her injunction; but made an attempt to jump upon her back; and, missing his hold, fell down. The dog came up, and he had just time to utter these words:

“What a fool was I, to think myself wiser than my parent! I suffer justly for my folly and disobedience.”

FABLE VIII.

The FAWN and VINE.



OBEY your parents as strictly
in their *absence*, as when they
are *present*. Remember the Fawn in
C 3 the

the vineyard: it would have been happy for her, if she had done so.

F A B L E.

A MAN trusted a Fawn in his vineyard; — he gave her leave to eat the grass; but forbade her to touch the Vines.

After the man was gone, the Fawn said to herself: “I can not think why I am forbidden to eat the leaves; and here are so many they can not be missed; so I will nibble a few here and there, now my master is absent.”

Thus saying, she began to bite gently at the Vine; but a dry leaf or two falling off, made a rustling noise;

noise; and a dog, whose province it was to guard the Vines, appeared.

“Your treachery is discovered,” said the dog.

The Fawn, trembling, replied, “I had leave to be here.”

“You *bad*,” rejoined the faithful guard; “but not to browse upon the Vines!” So saying, he seized, and quickly devoured the guilty Fawn; who faintly screamed; “My folly is my ruin!--- Why did I disobey my master?”

FABLE IX.

The FOX *and* GRAPES.



A FOX usually prowls about, and seizes what he can meet with: lambs, game, or poultry.

My fable is of a Fox who longed
for Grapes.

This Fox was passing by a farm-
house, against the wall of which the
owner had nailed a vine. It was
full of fruit; and the clusters looked
so black and glossy, that it must be
confessed they were very inviting;
but it was impossible for the Fox to
procure them: however, there he
stands admiring their beauty. See
now he fixes his eyes upon a bunch
which looks peculiarly tempting:—you
see him in imagination?—Well, now
I will tell you what happened whilst
he stood gazing at the vine.

A fine

A fine plump hen slipped past him
and got safe to her perch.

A turkey stole gently behind his
rump; and reached her roosting place
unobserved,

A cock glided along; neither daring
to strut nor crow; but looking
as humble and meek as a chicken
till he got into the poultry-yard
and there he boasted of his escape
and how fearless he was,

A goose tramped home behind him
unperceived.

A duck waddled along; and escaped
his notice.

Thus the Fox missed many chances
 a good repast; and was obliged
 retire to his den with an empty
 mach,

He was silly; else he would not
 have stood there repining for what he
 could not attain; but have sought
 for such food as was within his
 power.

The Fox was a fool, to stand long-
 ing and wishing for what he could
 not reach. — Do not you think so
 little reader?

“ Yes surely.”

Then

Then take warning by his example. Accept what is offered; and be thankful. Take what is proper for you; and be content.

Then you will have learned an useful lesson, from a foolish Fox.

FABLE X.

The STUBBORN COCK.



AN old Cock was walking about
in a farm-yard with his son,
instruct him in seeking for food.
Scratching among the straw, he said,

“ Look !

“ Look ! this is a grain of barley
 here is an oat : — and blefs me ! this
 is a fine ear of wheat ! that is
 treasure indeed ! ”

“ Father ! ” exclaimed the young
 Cock with a fmile, “ you overlook
 what lies close at your feet : for
 there is a beautiful thing ! how
 sparkles ! ”

“ It sparkles indeed ; ” replied the
 old Cock ; “ but it is worthless to
 us : we are seeking for food ; and
 must not waste our time in picking
 up such shining baubles. Come, look
 about for something that is fit to
 eat. ”

"This must be very pleasant to
at; it looks so pretty!"

"Indeed you are mistaken; it is
not proper to make trial of it. My
dear son, do not taste it."

All this while the young Cock
kept pecking at the jewel; at last
he loosened one of the stones, which
choaked him.

Such stubborn fools deserve to die.

They who persist in error, always
suffer for their obstinacy.

FABLE XI.

The VAIN JAY.



A JAY was hopping about in a farm-yard where pea-fowls were kept.

It chanced to be in the moulting season; and several of the beautiful tail-feathers of the peacock were scattered about.

The Jay picked up some of these, and fixed them to her own rump; then strutted about, and imagined herself a wonderfully fine creature.

At night the poultry all came home; they supped, and were about to retire to roost, when one of them chanced to observe the Jay dragging her borrowed finery at her tail.

“Who is this?”

The whole feathered family were in a bustle.

“ Who is this ? ” echoed round the yard : — all asked --- none could answer.

At last an old fly fowl just touched the tail of the Jay, and off came a feather. --- This was sufficient : the whole all seized her train : — she was plucked at here ; and snatched at there ; — which ever way she turned her rump she felt a twitch ; till she lost, not only her borrowed plumage, but her native feathers. So foolish is it to assume that to which we have no real claim.

FABLE XII.

The PRUDENT HEN.



A FOX, who had been lurking
in a farm-yard to no purpose,
began to despair of getting a meal,
when he spied a chicken-coop.

D 2

Thought

Thought he, I will just take a peep
at that before I retire to my den.

As he passed by, leering at the
coop, he spied a Hen in it; and be-
gan to converse with her.

FOX.

What a pleasant morning! Do
you not walk abroad this charming
weather?

HEN.

Not at present.

FOX.

That coop is a disagreeable place.
I wonder at your choice.

HEN

H E N.

It is not my choice: I am placed
here.

F O X.

But you will not be so stupid as
to remain there, — you will be stifled
for want of air.

H E N.

Those who placed me here, pro-
vide for me with kindness; and as it
is their pleasure that I should stay
within, I will not be prevailed on
to stir abroad.

F O X.

What! not to enjoy a ramble in
that charming grove with a friend?

D 3

H E N.

H E N.

*He can not be a friend who would
persuade me to an act of disobedience.*

An excellent method of distinguish-
ing a true friend.

FABLE XIII.

The CONCEITED CROW.



A CROW alighted upon a tree,
to regale herself with a piece
of meat which she had just procured.

D 4

A Fox

A Fox, passing by, longed to deprive her of it; but was conscious that she must be too well acquainted with his character, to trust herself within his reach; so that it would be useless to persuade her to descend from the tree.

“What shall I do?” said he; “I will flatter the Crow.”

“Bless me! what a beauty! Your plumage glistens in the sun, to such a degree as to dazzle my eyes!—Can you sing?—If your voice be as pleasing as your person, I then shall pronounce you complete!—Charming creature! indulge me—

At this instant the Crow began to open her beak, and the Fox did not stay to finish his fine speech; but, catching the meat as it fell, ran off to a wood just by; leaving the silly bird to enjoy her music by herself.

When you are praised for a good quality, strive to excel still more in that. But beware how you listen to praise, except where it is bestowed upon you by those who tell you of such your faults.

They are your *real* friends, who censure your errors, that you may correct them; and sometimes approve you, as an encouragement. — A flatterer is a most pernicious enemy; and

and even children often meet with flatterers.

“What a pretty creature Miss is! she is so genteel; I am sure she can dance without a master; what native elegance she has! I dare say she can do every thing well.”

Thus have I heard a stranger talk before a girl.

Then the poor silly child thinks her mamma is unreasonable the first time she reproves her for an awkward trick; or admonishes her for inattention to a lesson.

My little friends, listen to me —
and believe me.

Your parents are quick sighted to
perceive your faults: *this* you think;
do you not?

But do you know *why* they are so?
— When you are parents yourselves,
you will discover *why* it is so.

“ But I should like to know
how ” —

You *shall* know — and let it en-
crease your affection towards your
kind and tender parents.

They

— They are quick to espy your faults; because they are anxious to correct them; that you may be worthy and amiable.

FABLE XIV.

The APE and CAT.



AN Ape had seen his master eat
roasted chesnuts ; and sometimes
had a taste.

Monkey,

Monkeys are as great mimics as children; and, like naughty spoiled children, think of nothing but how to gratify their own humour.

Pug, said to himself; "Now I will roast some chesnuts." --- So he kindled a fire in the yard: and you would have laughed to see how busied he was. The chesnuts bounced; and *Pug* skipped, grinning at the thought of his regale.

The feast is ready--- but our cook had no tongs; he snatched out one but it burned his paws, and he stood chattering and leering about, when poor *Grimalkin* chanced to pass that way.

"Mrs. *Puffs*, will you eat a chef-
spoiled?"

Pug (thought the Cat) is wondrous
wil --- and she walked up to him to
return her thanks for the offer.

The Ape seized hold of the Cat;
and thrust her fore foot into the
; and, regardless of her cries: but
though happily his master came out at the
door, and called aloud:

"Hold, *Pug*! --- you may do as
one you like with your own paws; they
stood of no use but to play tricks
with; but my Cat applies her's to
better purposes; she exerts herself in
my service to destroy the vermin which
Mrs. *Puffs* would

would injure my grain --- so I desire you to spare her paws, and not your own; then I can well spare

Pug kept leering, now at the chickens; and now at his master; and seemed debating what he should do when the man again exclaimed: "Unless you release my Cat this moment I will drub you with this staff!"

FABLE XV.

The ANT and FLY.



AN Ant, breathless with labour,
stopped to enjoy a little repose.

As she stood still, a Fly came across

BL E her

her path; and frisking pertly up to her, said:

FLY.

What are you so busy about? Now you are stopped from your work for a moment, you do not enjoy any pleasure; but stand panting and heaving for breath. What a stupid drudge you are!

ANT.

We Ants prefer labour to an idle life.

FLY.

I pity your taste — I detest fatigue. We Flies sport in the sun singing:

“ Let

“ Let’s be gay, whilst we may.”

Our sprightly agreeable lives are
celebrated by the poets.

A N T.

Poets are often idle, like you. The
wisest of men speaks in our praise;
and sends his readers to us to learn
wisdom. — But I waste my time in
talking — your conceit will never
allow you to take advice.

FABLE XVI.

The HORSE and STAG.



THE common Fable of the Horse and Stag tends to prove the superiority of wisdom over strength.

It relates that the Horse, having been overcome by the Stag in combat, applied to man for assistance; and, obtaining it, conquered the Stag.

The Fable, you are to know, supposes the Horse to become subject to man; to submit to his controul; and, suffering his rider to govern and direct his motions, he returns to the attack upon the Stag, and retires victorious. This proves the superiority of wisdom over strength.

But let us try if we can not extract a moral more immediately adapted to youth?

Suppose we compare a child to the weaker animal? — he applies to his parents for advice and instruction; he submits to their directions in all his actions; and thus, guided by their wisdom, he becomes superior to those, to whom he is naturally unequal.

F A B L E XVII.

The D O G *and* B E E S.



TO refrain from the beginnings
of evil;

To keep your foot from the borders of forbidden ground ;

To abstain from tasting what you are prohibited to feast upon ;

To restrain yourself from even *wish-*
ing for an indulgence which is inter-
dicted ;

These are doctrines which can not be too strongly, nor too frequently inculcated.

They are a fence, to keep your obedience secure.

F A B L E.

A DOG had been used to follow his master to the gate of an apiary, and there to wait for his return.

The dog's curiosity was much excited to know *why* he might not enter this place. One day he crept slyly through a hedge; and approached a row of hives which stood upon a bench.

For a while he amused himself with observing the activity of the bees; but this did not long content him: he wished to taste their food; he did so; and, having once experienced the delicious flavour of the honey,

honey, he began to raise the hive with a design to procure a quantity.

An old Bee exhorted him to desist from such an attempt; but he was obstinately bent upon satisfying his appetite; and persisting, was justly punished; for a party of Bees sallied forth and stung him to death.

END of the FABLES.

A N
A D D R E S S
T O
M O T H E R S.

A RATIONAL woman, who is capable of expressing her ideas in tolerable language, might render an acceptable service to mothers, by supplying young people with a series of little volumes, tending to enforce the Duties of Childhood and early Youth.—To write to children, between the age of three and fourteen years, requires such moderate abilities, that I should not despair of success; at least, the attempt could not subject me to disgrace, should I be discovered.”——

THESE

THESE were my reflections a few months since when I enquired of *Marshall* (the Children's Printer) whether he would accept a manuscript and print it without expence to the unknown writer. The Manuscript was,

SCHOOL OCCURRENCES.

THIS little volume was designed as a trial how the method of writing would succeed in catching the volatile fancies of youth—and as a herald to proclaim the approach of others—to proclaim the approach of the books, but to leave the writer involved in a cloud.

THE aim of the writer was,

To banish, from Schools, Novels, Plays, and other injurious publications; by supplying

with trifles suited to their taste, expressed in
such familiar language as they are disposed to relish;
because they readily understand it—and to af-
ford them a few dramatic lessons, which they
would be able to read aloud with propriety.

FAMILIAR Dialogue is peculiarly agreeable to
Children; they understand it with ease, and there-
fore read it with satisfaction.

CHARACTERS draw the attention of Children;
those of the feigned members of Mrs. *Teach-*
well's family were designed to follow SCHOOL
OCCURRENCES, with a few papers, upon such sub-
jects as were thought to be suited to Female
Youth, and supposed to be written by Mrs.
Teachwell and her pupils.—These may yet appear.

THE copies of SCHOOL OCCURRENCES were distributed extensively, for the purpose of making a speedy trial how they would succeed.

THERE are few books suited to Female Childhood; few adapted to the interval between the age of ten and fourteen years; such I mean as a well educated mother would chuse to put into the hands of her daughter.

“ To those who are engaged in education, a publication designed for children is interesting.—*Such* ladies would not accuse me of impertinence, (should I be detected) for offering a copy to their young people.—I had no interest in promoting the sale.—There could be no vanity in believing myself capable of writing to children.” Thus I flattered myself I should escape censure, should I be discovered.

My wish was (in disguise) to assist Parents in
training their Children; to assist them in a dou-
ble capacity; by regulating the ideas of youth,
and hinting to Parents how they might best suc-
ceed. I should have had pleasure (in my as-
sumed character) to have accompanied the youth
of my own sex to the age of fourteen; then
made my congees, and recommended them to
Mr. Addison, and others, who teach higher du-
ties in superior language.

For the stile—could I effect my wish, the
language should be pure—but were I a *Carter*,
or a *Barbault*, and condescended to write for
these purposes, it should be as simple as that of
SCHOOL OCCURRENCES; such as *Pope* says,
“All Boys may read, and Girls may understand.”

To

To descend to amuse and instruct even an infant, were no disgrace to a much superior character—yet we love not to be overheard in our nursery chat—a witness throws some degree of reserve on the freedom of our prattle. I regret my detection — yet I doubt not receiving the thanks of tender mothers, for my design at least if the execution fall short of my ideas.

THE mother who engages in the most “delightful task;” instructing her babe — will accept with cheerfulness Mrs. *Teachwell’s* publications—the will experience the use of them.

MRS. TEACHWELL’S FABLES

Are the humblest compositions that can be imagined; inculcating the fundamental duties of obedience, and deference to parents.

JUVENILE

JUVENILE CORRESPONDENCE.

Two sets of the Letters are mere nursery prattle about dolls and toys; such as children themselves would write, could they express their own ideas.

MASTER MEANWELL'S RULES

Would be graciously received by a fond mother.—

What mother does not wish her darling son to

be “pleasing to all who know him?”—And

who is not pleased with a well-behaved child?

From mothers, therefore, I hope for appro-
bation; to them it is a pleasure to present my
books; but to those who are not interested in
the progress and conduct of such dear little
ones, the volumes will appear contemptible, the
writer ridiculous.

P O S T S C R I P T.

To Mrs. F——

MY DEAR,

ALLOW me to explain why I have yet dedicated none of my little volumes to you:

It was not that I blushed to offer to your acceptance such trifles;—you think nothing a *trifle* which concerns your children:

It was not that I considered you as being yourself better qualified to blend instruction and
amusement

amusement for the benefit of young people; your attention to a numerous family of children leaves you little leisure to write for them.

BUT whilst I had hopes that the writer of my little books might pass undiscovered, I refrained from taking any notice of you — nay, I purposely spoke of my immediate objects in ambiguous terms; such as would be construed into a view to children of *my own*. — This I did as a blind. — Yet whilst I write this, I feel that my attachment to your young folk is so little short of parental affection, that the transition was slight, from *thinking* like a mother, to *speaking* like one. Nor is it one of my least pleasures to act as your deputy in that capacity. — But to return. — I am detected, and I will not deny myself the pleasure of adding a Postscript to the little work which now makes its appearance.

PERMIT me, then, my dear —, to address you in this covert manner; which, disclosing nothing to strangers, yet to those who are acquainted with us, to those who know the connexion which subsists between us, may intimate, that I do not forget to whom I am indebted for some of the most striking features which constitute the picture of a *Mother*: — A picture which I have endeavoured to portray; with a wish that young ladies may collect the scattered traits, which I have dispersed through my little volumes; and, uniting them, give us the image of a *W—*, a *C—*, a *F—*; give us, in other words, a *perfect Mother*. How important the office! how valuable the character! — To such Mothers we look up to form the manners of the rising generation; — to such women, to

save

are a nation from impending ruin, by training youth to virtue. —

These are MOTHERS!

I esteem it a singular happiness that friendship affords me an opportunity of studying a few examples of excellence in that character. Could the example of those ladies be displayed, there would be no need of precepts — but the delicacy of the Female Character does not admit of being diffusely extended.

“A woman’s glory ’tis to shine unknown.”

THE intimate friends of each family will admit that this is *no flattery*.—You will believe, that these are but the effusions of my heart, which

will

will burst forth when I am speaking upon the subject of EDUCATION — a subject, on which I confess myself an enthusiast.

ACCEPT, my dear —, this little volume. — accept them *all*. — *All* had their origin in my wish to serve and oblige you; ultimately your family are the object of every publication from,

My Dear,

Your —,

May 21, 1783. — —

A B L E S,

B Y

Mrs. *TEACHWELL.*

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